"Shattering the Silence": Royal Insecurities, Raps' Decision, Cass the Madam, and a Curious Bordello

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"Shattering the Silence": Royal Insecurities, Raps' Decision, Cass the Madam, and a Curious Bordello

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Raps, as the new queen, aims to make a change in Corona, that does not repeat the mistakes of the past. One of these changes is to give people a place to release by supporting so-called "houses of ill repute" across the kingdom, which are run and operated by women. The plan is to use funds generated from these institutions to repair the damage caused by the black rocks. One day, she learns about a curiously named pleasure house and decides to travel there despite her closest advisor cautioning her against it. What she finds stuns and surprises her beyond belief, changing her life forever...

Notes

Hey everyone. When the new year began, I decided to continue this fic, rather than writing other fics. I made it smuttier than the original version. I first saved this here after dealing with the downage of Sunset due to technical issues/server problems, beginning on April 1st (and ending April 2nd). I had originally planned to post this anyway, but it seemed like the right opportunity to add this here. The first draft was 3,618 words.

I started this fic after reading articles about state-controlled "maisons de tolérance" or "maisons closes," meaning "houses of tolerance" or "shuttered houses" in France,, which ended in 1960. They are portrayed relatively differently here. The entire fic, which I highly recommend, "Black Rocks Anonymous" was an inspiration here, for reasons as you will see in this fic.

I don't want to spoil anything in this opening note, but I wanted to go a different route, even different from the other fic, about Cass pleasing royalty in a bordello. I wanted to build upn what I read in Michael Bronski's "A Queer History of the United States." On page 42 he says: "Life on the western frontier [in the nineteenth century] was frequently sex-segregated, creating homosocial communities and relationships. Brothels, for instance, which thrived in towns such as Deadwood and Rapid City, as well as cities such as San Francisco, resulted in complicated female-centered groups as the women who worked in them offered one another comfort and safety. Little concrete evidence can be found of sexual relationships among men or women within these communities. Such relationships, even it tacitly acceptable, would have been illegal and thus unacceptable or dangerous to record." The same page says that Jeanne Bonnet in San Francisco was often arrested for petty theft and cross-dressing, adding: "at the end of her short life, she organized prostitutes to leave their work and make a living shoplifting."

He later writes, on page 84, that "Many saloon owners would rent rooms to prostitutes or keep brothels above their businesses. Organized prostitution was often a family business, and saloons and brothels were run by married couples." On the following page, and the one that followed (pages 85-86), he adds that "in the mid to late nineteenth century...it was nearly impossible to distinguish brothels from boardinghouses. Even the New York City census stopped trying; in the 1850s it has listed the city's most noted brothels, but by the late 1870s they were identified simply as rooming houses." He cites a book by Timothy Gilfoyle about New York City, prostitution, and more, from 1790 to 1920. He also cites a 1920 book on cowboys, by Badger Clark, entitled "Sun and Saddle Leather."

As always, comments, and constructive criticism are welcome.

This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World and Adult Fanfiction.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by The Best Cortigiana Onestà in All of Florence?: Arte and Veronica Get It On by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Black Rocks Anonymous by Glow_Decay, Pash_12
- Inspired by For Hire by so_bi_the_way
- Inspired by "What It Sounds Like" Lyrics by Huntrix
- Inspired by The architecture of sex by Kurt Hollander
- Inspired by Paris, From the Boudoir: Atlas Obscura's decadent journey through Belle Epoque bordellos by Laetitia Barbier (for Atlas Obscura)
- Inspired by Inside the Paris Brothels of the Belle Époque by messynessy
- Inspired by Being A Prostitute in the Belle Époque by auxbellespoules
- Inspired by Bring back the brothel, says female French MP by Lizzy Davies (for The Guardian)
- Inspired by Prostitutes Give French Brothel Proposal Red Light by Global Post
- Inspired by How prostitution became France's hottest social issue by Angelique Chrisafis (for The Guardian)
- Inspired by How To Ask for Enthusiastic Consent by Vanessa Marin (for Lifehacker)
- Inspired by The Difference Between Spontaneous and Responsive Desire by Vanessa Marin (for Lifehacker)

With her coronation, Raps had become the queen, with her parents going into retirement. She wanted to make some changes. She didn't want Corona to have such harsh laws against criminals. She knew that such a crackdown had led to the growth of organized crime, epitomized by Lady Caine and her band of pirates, among many others, who vowed revenge at King Frederic for wrongly arresting her father. In order to prevent that, she had to enact some legal reform. Sure, she had stalwarts like Nigel, and her parents, as advisors, but her word still overrode anything they said. She was confident that this new strategy would benefit the kingdom and its citizens in the long-run.

After everything people went through with the black rocks and Zhan Tiri, she made a policy change she hoped would give people the release they needed: opening state-supported houses of tolerance, otherwise known as brothels, strumpet houses, bawdy houses, ranches, houses of ill fame, whorehouses, bordellos, or houses of ill repute. Her new policy was surely controversial and not everyone was in favor. She didn't expect they would be. In fact, Nigel cautioned her against it. Under this new rule, each person working at these houses would be checked for diseases. They would pay a fee so that some of their proceeds went into the royal treasury. In exchange, these places were not to be flashy and only distinguishable from the street with a red lantern hung in front. Each place could be lavish and luxurious indoors and decorated in the manner that those running them chose to do so.

Raps, herself, felt that she had no need to go into these places. Even so, saw a need for them to exist not only to gain additional funds to repair the damage caused by the black rocks, but to give people somewhere to release their stress. They could be places that ex-cons could work without reprisal, places people could share their erotic art, and places people could live out their sex fantasies. After everything everyone in Corona had been through, she didn't see a problem with creating such places of pleasure.

In fact, they could even be used to test-drive modern technology and devices, like those created by newly royal engineer Varian, before sharing them with the general public. They could become places of culture, despite their hedonism. Even Eugene wasn't sure about her plan, but Raps pushed his concerns aside. She convinced him otherwise and he was willing to entertain her notions. She felt that supporting these houses could help bring a sense of decency back to Corona. It was part of an effort to reform Coronan law so that it wasn't so focused on locking up people as a "solution" to crime.

She was unaware of the harsh reality. Each of these houses were ruled by a woman-only hierarchy, topped by a madame or dame, often a former sex worker, place those to guard those working there. Life for these girls could be rough. They were allowed to leave but only to complete specifically-approved tasks. Having any of them leave permanently could cause a house to fall apart, as they all worked in a unit together. Many courtesans working at these houses wore make-up and received funds to purchase necessary goods for hygiene and other necessary expenses.

Sometimes clients were offered special services, like having water sprayed on them, swung in a mechanical boat, live out their fantasies, like doing it on a replica of a bouncing carriage, or using specially-made sex toys. Many rooms had their own special décor and designed in such a way to pull people in, to appeal to their tastes and desires. This included those in Coronan

high society, with visits to these places even arranged. In fact, they catered to those across social classes, with each house as unique, with a certain glory and beauty embodied, particularly with outstanding art.

Having these places operating had the promise of protecting women from violence from exploitation, trafficking, ad aggression they might otherwise experience on the street. It wasn't always safe to walk on the streets of Corona city, nor anywhere else in the kingdom, at night, since organized crime still wasn't fully under control. Raps' legal reforms had helped, but she feared they hadn't done enough. Even so, these places could offer medical care and shelter to women, unlike elsewhere, where courtesans could gather without a pimp or a boss. It was a place they could call their own. At least that was the idea. How that actually played out in practice was a different story.

The kingdom did not operate these pleasure houses. They only provided support. It would be too much to control them, with enough on their plate. Instead, women would step up to run them and hire their own courtesans to work there. While in the past some wanted to criminalize the client by making those who bought sex subject to a fine and imprisonment, Raps strongly pushed against that. She wanted to reduce the retributive nature of their justice system and make it more restorative. Undoubtedly, she would encounter obstacles, but she wanted to move forward anyway.

Raps never wanted to give into her temptations, which she had resisted and ignored. Eugene had been enough for her. She had many opportunities for sound physical and mental entertainment and recreation, even as the queen. In fact, she had delegated some of her tasks to underlings so she didn't have to everything. She had even created a cadre of bureaucrats so she didn't have to do so much paperwork. This was new. Under her father, Frederich, and mother, Ariana, they approved almost everything themselves. She didn't want that. She remained the supreme authority, but she also had no need to go through all the paperwork. One day, something changed.

The day started like any other. Nigel gave her papers to approve. Most of them seemed innocuous, but one caught her interest. The paper read as follows: "A madam is requesting the change of their house of tolerance to the Moonstone House from the previous name." Something about this request seemed odd and familiar at the same time. She soon put her seal on the paper, approving the name change. Without any prompting, she made a declaration. "I'm going to travel there." Nigel was horrified. She was going to travel *there*? He had begrudgingly tolerated her plan to open these *places* but he couldn't stand by. The monarchy could be stake!

"Your majesty, I strongly caution you against this. You don't know what *dangers* you will find there...I don't want anything to happen to you." Raps shook her head. She then sighed. Why did he always have been so protective? He wasn't her father! "I understand your concern, Nigel. But, it will be fine. If it makes you feel any better, I'll ask my husband about it *before* deciding whether to go." That was enough to satisfy him. He hoped that Eugene would put some sense into her. He knew that once Raps had an idea in her head, she would stick to it, no matter what, no matter who tried to convince her otherwise. "Okay. I hope Captain Fitzherbert will give you some *sage* advice."

As she left, she traveled to where the royal guard were training. On paper, her husband was the king, after her coronation and their marriage. In actuality, he remained as captain of the guard, replacing the former captain. When she entered the training ground, Eugene spotted her almost immediately. “Okay, everyone, take five!” he shouted. He immediately came over to her. “Blondie, what is it? You never visit during my morning practice sessions.” She whispered in his ear, pulling him aside, telling him she’d like to talk in private. This also was *unusual*. Eugene wasn’t sure what Raps was getting at. “Okay,” he said. They walked to a secluded part of the castle.

“Sunshine, what’s this all about?” he asked, clearly confused. She took a deep breath. She wasn’t sure what to tell him. “I want to go to a...uh...brothel.” Eugene had a look of surprise on his face. This was one thing he *never* expected to hear from her. He tried to be patient with her. “Okay. What brought this on?” She explained. She didn’t have the paper with him, so she hoped he’d trust her word on this. “I approved the changing of a name of...one of those houses...it’s named ‘Moonstone House.’” Eugene understood what she was getting at. He shook his head. He didn’t want to give her false hope.

“Blondie, it’s been over a year since we’ve heard anything from...Cassandra...she is on her own journey now.” Raps stamped down her foot, in a display which surprised Eugene. He took a step back. “Eugene, I’m sure of it! I’m sure she’s there!” He grumbled. He was going to have to entertain her notion. What could be the harm? “Okay, do you want me to go with you?” She shook her head.

“I love you, Eugene, but I...need to do this alone.” She then said, “I just need to know if she is okay...I tried to ‘fix’ her, to ‘fight’ her, but it didn’t work...I understand why she hasn’t come back.” Eugene hugged her. She soon jumped on a horse and left Corona city. Eugene secretly told some royal guards to follow her. He wanted to make sure she was safe. He didn’t want any harm to come to her.

While wearing a hood to cover her face and commoner clothes. She hoped this would be enough to hide her true identity. She walked along the streets and soon found it. The bordello sat by itself, a small house with two floors, and a blue lantern outside the door. The sign read “Moonstone House.” How it was written seemed familiar. As she knocked on the door, a woman with big breasts and a slightly revealing outfit entered the door. “What brings to Moonstone House today, miss,” the woman asked.

Raps was getting nervous. What could she tell her? She hadn’t prepared herself that much for this part. “I’d like to uh...partake in your services,” she said, hoping it was the right thing. She’d never done this kind of thing before. She never thought she would. But she had to know the truth. And if Cass was there, then she could finally see her again, right? The woman led her inside.

“Misses, we have a lady caller!” Some of the women didn’t answer. However, a few did. And they appeared in the main lobby. They were all shapely and busty, with different skin colors and hair styles. One woman was a bit different. She had black hair and greenish eyes. Raps couldn’t mistake it. That woman was definitely Cass. “I’d like to go with her,” she said, while pointing at Cass. The woman who had brought her inside had looked at her funny. Did she know what she was doing?

“Miss Leandra only takes advanced clients. Just to be sure, is that okay with you?” Raps nodded. With that consent, she told this woman to take Raps upstairs. “Thanks Miss Natalie,” the woman said, while guiding Raps to the room. Telling Raps to go inside, she agreed, then flipped a sign on the outside of the room’s door reading “occupied. Session in progress.” The other side just read “unoccupied.”

The woman began speaking to Raps. She came so close that Raps began to blush a little bit. Is this what women at these establishments did? “So, what is your pleasure, today?” she asked, in a voice which seemed a little odd to Raps. Was she sure that this was Cass? Or had her eyes deceived her?

“I uh...am looking for someone...a person I used to know,” she began. The woman was intrigued. That wasn’t something she had heard any client, ever. She still had to get her money. So, she played along. “What’s this woman’s name?” Raps stopped for a second. She didn’t like feeling vulnerable. But, she felt that she had to say something. If this wasn’t her, she could move on. “Cassandra.”

The woman’s eyes opened wide. She hadn’t heard that name for a long time. No one had spoken it. “Do you know this...Cassandra...well?” Raps nodded. “Yeah, she was my best friend...but my head was all twisted, with a divided heart, and so many lies...I didn’t trust her to be at my side...I’m ashamed at how I acted around her.” She breathed deeply. She knew this might be a shock. She didn’t care.

“I just thought *you* might be her...something about you reminds me of her...I miss her so much.” The woman blushed at this comment. Who in the world was this client? How did she know her? Without any prompting, she asked, “Are you by chance...princess Rapunzel?” Shaking her head and laughing, she grinned. She was more than happy to say so. “Yeah I am. It’s Queen now.”

The woman started to cry and suddenly hugged Raps, surprising her. She hadn’t expected this kind of reaction. It all came together. “Raps! I missed you *so much.* I think about you every single day.” The blond was surprised. She now knew this woman was her dear Cass. She wasn’t sure what she meant. “I hav-had a crush on you...a *BIG crush*...you know.” Raps knew what she was saying now. She felt so bad though because she was in a romantic relationship with Eugene and…

“I’m sorry...Cass...can I call you that?” She nodded. Raps then continued, “I’m married to Eugene now, you see and…” Her former friend smiled. That didn’t matter to her. She saw so many clients, some of whom were married, and exclusively women. She insisted on that. She’d never have sex with a man. “That’s okay.” She then paused for a second. “Do you still to...you know...do it?” Raps gulped for a second. She hadn’t thought that far ahead. Her body suddenly started feeling warm. She couldn’t do this. It wouldn’t be right to do this with Eugene. Her desire took over those concerns.

She found herself blurting out a response: “yes. I’d love that.” She covered her mouth after saying that. She hadn’t meant for that to come out. Why had she come here? She could have just stayed in the castle, and could have… Those thoughts were interrupted by Cass’s now soft voice. “Okay. I’ll go slow.” She began by taking off her own clothes, exposing her naked body to Raps, who couldn’t believe what she was seeing. This woman was bearing herself to

her. She guided Raps to a nearby couch, who sat down, looking at Cass almost in awe. Cass started by kissing her on the neck.

Raps blushed even more. She almost couldn't believe what was happening. She had nearly broken into a million pieces when Cass left Corona but the pieces were beginning to come back together. She found herself saying "Give it to me and show me what a *bad girl* I've been." She tried to cover her mouth again but her former friend wouldn't let her. All she said was, "your wish is my command." She slapped Raps breasts, causing a mixture of pain and pleasure to course through her body. A low moan came out of her. Is this what she had wanted for so long? or was it something different?

She suddenly took off her clothes and left her naked body exposed. The speed of this surprised and stunned Cass. She had never expected it. "I would love to keep kissing you on your skin. Is that okay?" Raps nodded once again. Cass followed this, kissing Raps chest and all the way down to her altar of pleasure. She was becoming even warmer again. This almost felt like a dream to her.

Her moaning began to increase, and she could feel sensitive parts of her body becoming even more tender. Her former friend moved apart her legs. As she looked up at Raps, her face flushed in a crimson color, she had one more question. "Can I eat you out?" In a daze of pleasure from what had happened so far, she couldn't stop herself. She'd feel terrible if she let this fade away. She didn't even think about what it meant for her relationship with Eugene. She only cared about what was going on in the present.

"Yes, a million times, yes!" she said with such enthusiasm. Cass began by kissing along each leg leading to Raps special place and teased her finger around the edges. She snickered. "My, my, I never knew a royal who had such a perfect pussy," which made Raps even more embarrassed. Feeling on edge, she didn't even have to ask for any more before Cass took her tongue and entered it inside.

Raps felt something she had never experienced in her entire life She had wondered in the past why she had been ashamed, why she had not done more to help Cass, and wanted to shatter the silence, to rise defiant, to tell her friend that she wasn't alone, that she was suffering now. In the present, she realized that to find her fearless and undefined self, she had to accept this part of herself who was hungering for Cass, a part of herself she had suppressed for so long. She no longer needed to do that.

Her former friend said softly that she'd begin playing with her breasts. She whispered back, between her moans, that it was fine. Her moans soon became deeper as Cass's tongue licked around, and her hands moved on her chest, causing sweet juices to begin flowing out. Eugene had been good in his own way, but he could never do something like this. In fact, in their entire time together, they'd never had sex with one another, as he kept making excuses as to why he couldn't do it.

Her love juices slowly trickled out until Cass picked up the pace, putting her tongue in deeper and moving it around even more. She suddenly found herself releasing in a big crescendo, with her cum now covering Cass's face. As her sexual arousal started to go back to normal, Cass cooed her. "It isn't right for a royal to dirty her subjects. You need them to clean." Raps

looked at her strangely. Cass was annoyed she had to explain this. “Clean my face, Raps, with your beautiful tongue. You want to be a *good girl*, right?”

Raps understood. She did what Cass asked her, causing moans from her former friend. The liquid tasted sweet and sticky. She moved toward Cass’s mouth. “Can I kiss you?” Her friend nodded. She moved herself into position and moved her mouth closer. Cass pulled her in with an intense kiss which made Raps dizzy. She couldn’t even recover from that because her ex-friend began rubbing her breasts again, leading to another moan, only muffled by their kiss. This soon ended with a bold declaration by Raps. “I want to eat you out too, Cass. I have wanted to do it for so long.” Her former friend was happy. She opened up her legs and Raps began sucking on her like a kitten on it’s mother’s teet.

The sensations were overwhelming. Cass said something she never thought she’d say. “I love you Raps, so deeply.” Raps quickly followed it up. “I do too.” Cass’s warm love juices sprayed upon Raps face. Almost as a way of getting back at her, she said, “You need to clean my face the same way I cleaned yours. It’s only fair.” Cass obliged. She couldn’t imagine she had a part of Raps inside of her, not knowing that Raps thought the same. After all this, they were a bit exhausted, lying on bed next to each other. As their sexual energy went back to normal, Raps began to panic. What would she tell Eugene?

“Raps, I...hope this doesn’t cause any issues with Eugene...maybe it was a mistake.” Raps shook her head and brought Cass close. She would not make her feel bad about this. It wasn’t her fault. “No! His wasn’t a mistake. I wanted to shag you. And I don’t feel bad about it.” Cass was surprised. She then heard a knock on the door. “Your shift is over, Miss Leandra. *Wrap it up.*” She shouted back, “okay!” and gave Raps the direction to her house where they could talk more. Raps put her clothes back on, with Cass doing the same, saying she was going on break.

Some ten minutes later, Cass arrived at the place she discussed. Raps followed her inside. Once there, Cass asked, “do you want to begin where we left off?” Raps nodded. They had the bed bounder so many times that they couldn’t count, until Raps began to rest, the stress getting to her. Although Eugene had sent out royal guard to find her, they had been so incompetent that they lost her. If they had seen her then it might have been different. Cass saw Raps sleeping on her bed and she brushed the hair aside, away from her face, lovingly.

She had no idea how this would turn out between them and the possible repercussions on the relationship between Eugene and Raps. What mattered to her, instead, was how she could make sure this was a more than a one-time encounter but became a longer-lasting relationship, and she’d eventually reveal that she was really the owner of the Moonstone House...

End Notes

I went back-and-forth over what song to use an inspiration, whether Crossing the Line, Nothing Left to Lose or something else (see other Cass songs here and those from other series, primarily Disney, here), but I decided on What it Sounds Like, by Huntrix, from KPop Demon Hunters.

Various Wikipedia pages ("Brothels in Paris," "Prostitution in France," and "History of prostitution in France"), primarily the parts about state-controlled "maisons de tolérance" or "maisons closes," meaning "houses of tolerance" or "shuttered houses" in France specifically, which ended in 1960, but began in the Napoleonic era, were surely an inspiration. The same can be said for those already listed in the inspirations, plus articles in Slate, and The Independent (here and here), a page on the International Encyclopedia of the First World War site, and the "MAISONS TOLéRéES" page on Hansard, which digitizes official reports of debates in the U.K. Parliament.

Otherwise, my "The Best Cortigiana Onestà in All of Florence?: Arte and Veronica Get It On" fic happens to be the only other one I have written about sex workers, so I had to add it as an inspiration, although that fic is smuttier than this one in many ways. Similarly, a page on Sothebys (auction has closed) for "French, second half 19th century, An exceptional carved mahogany bed" was useful, as it served as an inspiration for certain parts of this fic.

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